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## IS A QUEER PLAY

Howard Fielding's Impression of a New Naval Play.

## STRANGE ANTICS OF A CORPSE

The Numerous and Willful Murder of Bob Hilliard and William Harcourt. Their Repeated Resurrection.

The fall theatrical season has opened, and some of the worst shows that were ever seen on earth are now receiving the benefit of a metropolitan indorsement. No man to whom the good name of this planet is dear can fail to be thankful that this year's drama is performed under cover while Mars is so near us. However, if the telescopes on



THE CORPSE PAYS HIMSELF.

the red planet are sufficiently powerful to make such things visible, we are ruined already by the roof garden entertainments of the summer.

We are running to extremes. The farce-comedy of the new season has more specialties and less coherence, and the thrilling melodrama has more bloodshed than ever I saw before. The farce-comedy is too harrowing to dwell upon, but I hope to restrain my emotion long enough to pen a few words about the melodrama.

If the talkers who at one time pursued Mr. Robert Hilliard still retain any resentment against him they should derive no little satisfaction from seeing him butchered a dozen times or more for the purposes of the dramatic hash of which he is now the leading ingredient. But his fate is nothing to that of Mr. William Harcourt, who is shot on sight by every other character in the piece and drops dead whenever he can find six feet of space not previously occupied by the corpses on the stage.

It is a naval play, and is so realistic that the action, like that of many of our principal naval officers, goes on entirely upon the land. I went to see it from motives of pure patriotism. In campaign times, when half our common country is engaged in calling the other half bad names, it is a good thing to see a patriotic play and hear the audience hiss the British flag and the unfortunate actors who are temporarily enrolled under it. For the benefit of my readers I will briefly sketch the leading incidents of "The White Squadron."

The curtain rises on the peaceful parlor of a young Brazilian lady. We learn from a few hurried words that Emperor Dom Pedro is going to be exported almost immediately. Mr. Harcourt appears for a few minutes, and it is well to look at him closely, for it is the last time that we shall see him alive. He appears upon the stage often after that, but he is always either dead or so near it that he would better be numbered with the slain. After he goes out to keep an engagement with a galling gun, Mr. Byron Douglas, the young villain of the piece and the son of the old villain, enters and says a few disagreeable things, after which Mr. Hilliard comes in, literally with blood in his eye. He has a compound fracture of the frontal bone, and his face looks like that of the losing man in a prize fight just before the police interfere to save the money they have bet on him.

"I know you, Francisco de Romocio, by the smell of brimstone in the air," says he to the young villain, "but I cannot see you because my eyes are plugged with gore."

Then the young villain throws a glassful of water into Mr. Hilliard's face, thereby enabling him to get his eyes winkers apart. They then draw their swords and slash around a little, but the young lady who owns the house

sends them to their corners before any more blood is spilled on her sitting room carpet.

"I am pursued by my pursuers," says Mr. Hilliard. "I am going to die in a few minutes, but that will afford me only temporary relief, because I am certain to come to life again in the next act of the drama."

"Hillie!" says Mr. Douglas. "It matters not where. Put him on top of the center table, if you want to, for a stage watching party is always billed."

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?" asks Mr. Hilliard. "If you think you do, swear not to betray me."

"I will not betray you," said the villain, "for I have arranged to kill you later in the game."

They both get up, and Mr. Harcourt comes in. He has been shot through both lungs by a ten-buck cannon, and has only a few minutes to spare. He occupies them in conversation with Mr. Henry Lee, the old villain, who is a general in the Brazilian army, and Mr. Harcourt cannot stand on his place, but the general does not seem sorry to see him in that condition. He orders the young man to be propped up with a cushion.

"I sent you out to protect a silver

trunked by brigands, of whom I am secretly chief. I knew you would be killed, but after you had been killed why tell me why, did you not report the fact to me, your superior officer?"

"Because," replies Mr. Harcourt, with delightful irrelevancy, "because I love your daughter."

Then the general did not say: "Me only child?" and Mr. Harcourt was so surprised by this question that his constitution, already weakened by the loss of both lungs, was unable to bear the shock, and he fell dead on the carpet. The light struck across the stage and threw the shadow of the corpse upon the scenery behind; and the audience was somewhat amused at seeing this shadow flaring itself industriously during the remainder of the act. It did not speak well for the dead man's character that he should begin to fan himself immediately after his decease, but the post-mortem revelation was a new thing in melodrama, and that's what they're all after.

Then Mr. Hilliard brings his fractured skull once more into full view of the audience, and goes through a harrowing scene with Miss Alice Fischer, who has just come out of a fit into which Mr. Harcourt's death has thrown her. She appears torn by contending passions of love and revenge. She loves Mr. Hilliard with a consuming fiery fever that parches her tongue, but she believes that he shot off the cannon which killed her brother (Harcourt), and so she is determined to get square if it breaks her heart.

"I thirst! I burn," cries Mr. Hilliard. "There is a pitcher of Croton on the table. Give me a pull at it."

But Miss Fischer remembers her dying brother, and she pours the Croton on the carpet, where it doubtless makes a large yellow stain. And Mr. Hilliard, instead of going out to a hydrant, falls dead after which Miss Fischer faints and then goes crazy. At the end of the act there is nobody able to be up and about the house except the two villains.

Perhaps this single act will suffice as a sample of the whole. Of course Mr. Hilliard and Mr. Harcourt return from the dead and Miss Fischer recovers her reason—which gives us some hope for the author of the piece. In the second act, after a supposed interval of eighteen months, Mr. Hilliard appears as lieutenant commander of the U. S. S. Chicago. Some of the United States naval officers ought to note this case of rapid advancement, it might give them hope. If the interval had been eight years and Mr. Hilliard had passed



OPENING HIS GAME EYE.

from cabin boy to first assistant powder monkey, the probabilities would not have been hopelessly violated.

In the last five minutes of the play we are treated to the spectacle of a naval parade, which tells us why the piece was so named. To anybody but a landlubber the spectacle of a ship on the stage is always depressing. But this was a little worse than usual. To see the U. S. S. Chicago sail in on badly greased rollers, with a sailor sitting straddle of the bowsprit and curling up his feet in order that they may not drag in the bray, is too much like casting ridicule on the flag. Admiral Walker's flagship looked to be about the size of a twenty-foot catboat, and a good tall sailor could have stood on top of the smokestack and fished the teagallan's. There are other good points about this play, but I have not time to consider them now. I think in artistic merit it nearly equals the production in which Lillian Lewis is appearing, and in which at the end there are but two of the characters alive, and one of them has taken part green.

However, it is suggestive for me to kick about the tenet of the drama, for I have an order to write a play in which the central figure will be a barrel of a new explosive ten times more powerful than nitro-glycerine.

HOWARD FIELDING.

## DRUGSTORE NAMES.

The Fanny Health Given the Dictionary by the Pharmacists.

Oil of vitriol is not an oil. Copperas is an iron salt and contains no copper.

Salts of lemon has nothing to do with a lemon, but is a salt of the extremely poisonous oxalic acid.

Soda water contains no soda. Sulphuric ether contains no sulphur.

Sugar of lead has nothing to do with sugar, nor has cream of tartar anything to do with cream.

Oxygen means "the acid generator," but hydrogen is really the essential element and many acids contain no oxygen.

German silver contains no silver and black lead contains no lead.

Berberine is usually made from hydraetic camelskins.

Wormswoods is unexpanded flower buds.

Milk of lime has no milk. Quicksilver is pure mercury.

Oil of origanum is made from thyme and not from origanum.—Bulletin of Pharmacy.

The Fabled Person.

"Some one said today that the new minister preached over the heads of the congregation. Do you think so?"

"He didn't preach over my head. I had on my shoulder hat."—Life.

Confidence.

Belle—I wouldn't marry a man for his money!

Blanche—Nor I. Still I'd hate to disappoint one who was willing.—Truth.

## PUGS OF THE NORTH

How Pugilism Is Practised Among the Esquimaux.

## THESE ARE A PEACEFUL PEOPLE

And Only Indulge in Pugilism as a Test of Endurance—Only Two Tribes of Esquimaux at War.

The Esquimaux have the reputation of being a very peaceful race of people, and they deserve it. So far as war is concerned it is almost wholly unknown among them. When on the Arctic coast of North America, near the mouth of the Great Fish river, I found a tribe called the Netschilliks, or seal-eaters, an unusually aggressive tribe, among this peaceful race, and they told me



HOW HE BECAME POCK MARKED.

they were at virtual war with the Kindikis, or Copper Esquimaux, and they killed each other whenever they met.

There is also a legend on the Yukon river, of Alaska, common to both Indians and Esquimaux, that when they have met and contended for the lands the latter have invariably forced the Indians back until the Esquimaux now occupy some four hundred miles of the stream from its mouth. They are now at peace, however, and the Malaguan-Esquimaux, the farthest inland, live peacefully and associate with the Anviks and Shagelooks. The same statement of affairs can be made of the Kongsquiks and some other rivers of Alaska and the British Northwest territory wherever the two races have come in contact.

To take it altogether the Esquimaux are not a quarrelsome set. True, a number of people who ought to know what they are talking about have intimated that the Netschilliks, the seal eaters I have just mentioned, probably murdered Sir John Franklin's ill-fated party while endeavoring to escape from ice-bound ships in the Arctic, but the most that can be said against them is that it is a theory supported by only a few inconclusive facts. Family feuds, carried to the extent of killing each other, are not so uncommon as war, and yet from our own standpoint of the civilized man they are extremely few.

The Esquimaux are very slow and deliberate, and even in the rare cases of a feud existing it is often years before revenge is taken, which is made to atone for some previous and almost ancient murder.

When I was with my party among the Netschilliks of King William's Land and adjacent mainland there came a sullen-looking fellow of "squat," dumpy stature, whose mission, so my Esquimaux friend told me, was to kill my well-better hunter, Toolookah, who was an Ivvik, or walrus eater, as that tribal name implies. Many, many years before, when this particular Netschillik was a mere child, a boreal bear in bearskin breech-clouts, a relative of his, a sort of forty-second cousin by way of Adam and Eve, had been killed by an Ivvik in their country and it had just occurred to him that it was about time to get even while the event was yet within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Toolookah knew nothing of the matter at all, but he was an Ivvik, and that settled it so far as the Netschillik's revenge was concerned. Just about that time it occurred to me that I could not spare Toolookah's valuable services, and I somewhat astonished them by announcing that if Toolookah or any other member of my party was killed I

would not quit retelling as long as any male member of the tribe was left whom I could find. As nine-tenths of them had never seen firearms before and had been dumfounded at their effect, it stopped all further action, as I had intended it would when I made my threat, which I knew need not be carried into effect. I have given the example to show something of the character of these folk.



THE ESQUIMAUX FIGHT FIGHT.

It was while among these same people, the seal eaters of the Arctic shores, that I heard of a form of pugilism, unknown among other Esquimaux tribes, except so far as they had heard of it from the Netschilliks. This pugilism is a modified method of settling

disputes not quite so grave as the feuds, and is often used, so I understood them to say, as tests of endurance and strength. While no prizes are awarded, they differ but little from similar contests we have among us, such as those planned for New Orleans, except in the way of conducting them, which I will now explain.

The contest of the combatants nearly always takes place in a large snow house, or igloo, as they term it. In these large, subterranean snow houses they have generally a side running down the center separating the two snow beds on either side, which are about two feet high, the side being allowed admittance, the stream of society—the ice cream, of course. The combatants sit on opposite sides of the aisle, facing each other, on the snow beds, and are so close that their legs overlap each other in order to keep warm. Time having been called, there is no scientific sparring or Sullivan-esque strategy displayed while dancing around in the little snow house. They simply keep still, except one draws back his fist and plants it emphatically at the butt of the other's ear. The first blow is not very hard, but the recipient of the favor generally knows when he receives it. The first round is thus decidedly one-sided, but the blow of the blow is entitled to but one strike when the other fellow's turn comes. He gradually increases the force of the blow, the person struck remaining quiet, his head bowed low, and his hands or elbows resting on his knees. These alternations of blows continue one at a time, each one increasing over the other in strength until they have reached the extreme limit of the power of the belligerent blubber eater to deal them. If one or the other is not shocked senseless when these terrific blows are at their maximum, there will, of course, come a time when one or the other will succumb from sheer exhaustion. As a test of physical endurance these polar pugilistic encounters of the seal eaters are undoubtedly of greater value than the prize fights among our own civilized selves, but as masters of "science," so called, they cannot rank very high.

How often they take place among these people I could not find out, but I imagine they are not very frequent. When the Esquimaux, who was going to kill Toolookah with a knife found his intentions balked he sent a general challenge of this character to my party, but evidently intended for the native party only. I told him I would accommodate him if he would give me "satisfaction" in a contest with firearms next day, but this ended all further negotiations.

They were mortally afraid of powder, pistols and everything pertaining to



HE ENTERED THE CAMP ON A MISSION OF REVENGE.

the practice. There was among them a fellow with a face so pockmarked that I thought he had had the smallpox, and I was curious to ascertain if it were true. He told me, however, that he had gotten it in another way.

At one of the boat parties in his country, there a large number of Sir John Franklin's men had perished, and their skeletons, mixed with debris, were found scattered around this fellow, then a boy, secured a small red flask, filled with black sand, as he called it. He had nose for the black sand, but wanted the bright red flask, so he poured out the contents alongside of the lamp, giving them a careless flourish that threw them in the flames. His subsequent explanation was a short sh-h-h, ending with a loud "bang" that nearly equalled a ten-inch columbiad. He said he went out through the roof of the snow house, as the hole in it was larger than the door, and in the excitement, more convenient.

Well, that explained the condition of his face and his fear of firearms as well. In fact, he managed to keep as far away from a gun as possible, and all his friends had been inoculated by the same dread. FREDERICK SCHWARTZ.

The Mistake of Indoor Life.

"Basking in the sun" is in itself of real and considerable benefit, and it is no compliment to our human intelligence to find that cats and dogs understand that fact much better than we do. Even the "blue glass" craze had a truth underlying it, and owed such success as it achieved to the proportion of sunlight which penetrated its colored medium. The love of sunshine is naturally one of our strongest instincts, and we should be far healthier and happier if we followed and developed it instead of practically ignoring and repressing it. How a sparkling, sunny morning exhilarates us and makes us feel that "it's too fine a day to spend indoors," and yet how few holidays are taken for that reason. The wealth of the sunbeam is poured out lavishly all around us, and we turn from it to struggle for a few pitiful handfuls of something else that is yellow and staid, but not half so likely to bring us happiness, and often has strange red spots upon it. Give us a chance, and we shall find that there is more than a mere fanciful connection between darkness and gloom and that "sunny" disposition which, after all, is the true "philosopher's stone."—North American Review.

The Rev. C. L. Dwyer of Belling was elected president of the Western May Fair association at its annual meeting in February last week.

## ALL OF THEM TOUGH

Superintendent Byrnes Talks About Criminals.

## SOME OF THEIR CRIMES

Burglars Will Not Commit Murder, as a Rule—His Worst Murder Cases, Forgers as a Class

"What are the distinguishing characteristics of murderers, burglars and forgers?" Superintendent Byrnes repeated the question thoughtfully. "That is a question which if fully discussed would be to go into the ethics of crime without end. You must always consider the motive of crime. Burglars, you must remember, have always one motive, the wrongful acquisition of



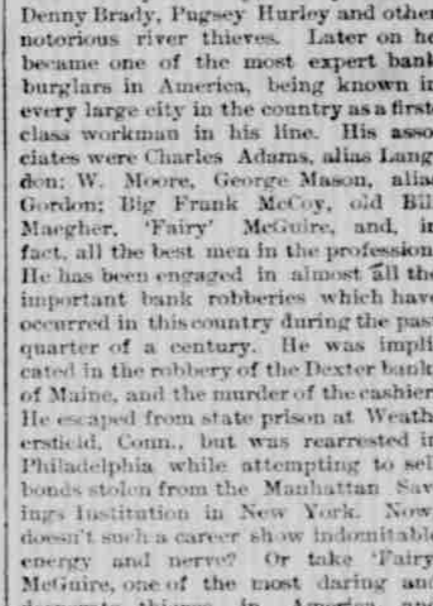
L. W. E. BROCKWAY. 2. GEO. ENGLES.

3. JOE ELLIOTT. 4. CHAS. BECKER.

property, while murders are committed from a thousand and one motives. Burglars as a rule will not commit murder unless driven to it in self-defense. The burglar must of necessity be audacious, cunning and secretive to a certain extent. Of course, he usually has pals or accomplices who are in his confidence. The career of an expert burglar is a well rounded succession of skillful crime. Take the notorious Mike Kerrigan, alias John Dobs. He is over sixty and one of the most accomplished burglars in the country. He was born and brought up in the slums of the Fourth ward; started out in life as a pickpocket; was afterward connected with Patsy Conroy, Larry Griffin, Denny Brady, Pugsey Hurley and other notorious river thieves. Later on he became one of the most expert bank burglars in America, being known in every large city in the country as a first-class workman in his line. His associates were Charles Adams, alias Langdon; W. Moore, George Mason, alias Gordon; Big Frank McCoy, old Bill Maigher, 'Fairy' McGuire, and, in fact, all the best men in the profession. He has been engaged in almost all the important bank robberies which have occurred in this country during the past quarter of a century. He was implicated in the robbery of the Dexter bank, of Maine, and the murder of the cashier. He escaped from state prison at Westchester, Conn., but was rearrested in Philadelphia while attempting to sell bonds stolen from the Manhattan Savings Institution in New York. Now, doesn't such a career show indomitable energy and nerve? Or take 'Fairy' McGuire, one of the most daring and desperate thieves in America, and who has served a fifteen years' sentence in Bangor, Me., also a term in Clinton prison in this state. He was a slippery fellow and managed to slide out of several very tight places. He was arrested in 1881 in front of No. 33 Nassau street. An officer discovered burglars at work in the store, and while looking in the window was approached by McGuire, who began talking loudly, thereby giving the men on the inside a chance to escape. He was arrested for various offenses, but managed to worm out of each one, but at last was tried and con-

demned to life imprisonment for the robbery of the Dexter bank, of Maine, and the murder of the cashier. He escaped from state prison at Westchester, Conn., but was rearrested in Philadelphia while attempting to sell bonds stolen from the Manhattan Savings Institution in New York. Now, doesn't such a career show indomitable energy and nerve? Or take 'Fairy' McGuire, one of the most daring and desperate thieves in America, and who has served a fifteen years' sentence in Bangor, Me., also a term in Clinton prison in this state. He was a slippery fellow and managed to slide out of several very tight places. He was arrested in 1881 in front of No. 33 Nassau street. An officer discovered burglars at work in the store, and while looking in the window was approached by McGuire, who began talking loudly, thereby giving the men on the inside a chance to escape. He was arrested for various offenses, but managed to worm out of each one, but at last was tried and con-

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9. CHAMBERLAIN. 10. TAYLOR.

11. BILL MEATHER. 12. UNDER.

13. MCGLOTH.

tention of carrying out gigantic forgeries on an elaborate scale. They began operations in Liverpool, where they obtained \$2,000. With this capital they proceeded to London and opened a banking business and commission house for the discounting and shaving of commercial paper. McDonald organized the firm under the name of 'Warner & Co.' They did a swarming business for a time, but women with whom McDonald and the Bidwells became entangled gave them away. Engles is dead now. Charles Becker was another noted forger. He was a very clever engraver, but he got in with Engles, George Wilkes and other celebrated forgers and counterfeiters, and soon became their most valuable ally. He first came into notoriety through connection with the robbery of the Third national bank of Baltimore, in 1872. He fled to Europe with Little Joe Elliott, where they met Joe Chapman, Ivan Siscoitch and others, and at once started in to flood Turkey with forged eight-drafs. All hands were arrested and sentenced to three years each in prison at Sing Sing, Becker, Elliott and the Russian made their escape and went to London, where they lived awhile with Joe Chapman's wife. One day Mrs. Chapman, who knew their secrets, was found dead and all her jewelry and money missing. Siscoitch was suspected, but fled to New York, where he opened a saloon under Booth's theater. Becker and Elliott also returned to New York, and, after numerous arrests, the former was convicted on a charge of counterfeiting and sentenced to Kings County penitentiary, where he now is. This picture was taken in 1877, and is very good. Progress usually get off easier than any class of criminals, as it is more difficult to fix the guilt on the right party. The cannot tell much about an educated man from his face. Some of the most dangerous criminals look like chrysothem. The low cunning of some specially degraded brute will often times thwart a detective who will know how to guard against the more intelligent methods of educated criminals. But if you were to put a line of twenty men in this room, and one of them told the detective of average keenness should be able to pick out the thief. Why? The thief in attempting to appear perfectly sane and assured will over act and give himself away.



5. JOHN DOBBS. 6. FRANK MOY.

7. MOORE. 8. PUGSEY HURLEY.

viewed on three indictments, one for burglary and two for felonious assault. He was on October 19, 1881, sentenced to ten years in Trenton prison on each indictment, making thirty years in all. The picture we have of McGuire was taken in 1861 and is an excellent likeness. While burglars will not hesitate to commit a deed of violence if necessary to save themselves, as a rule they are cowards in the presence of the police.

"As to murderers. Are they born?" No, that is a foolish idea. Murderers come about through conditions of early crime. A man commits murder from motives of revenge, jealousy, avarice, lust. The motive will indicate the characteristics of the murder. Probably the worst case I've handled was 'Engles.' You may recall the circumstances. Under murdered Robie, his fellow workman and room-mate, in January, 1887, cut his body in eight places, shipped it in a trunk to Baltimore, and threw the head in the river. In twenty-four hours from the time the trunk was opened in Baltimore, we

had the murderer behind the bars, and a confession from him brought about by our own methods. We have the hammer, razor and butcher's saw with which the deed was done in our chamber of horrors. Engles broke down in the most pitiful fashion when he confessed. So did McElhin, the murderer of Louis Handler. The latter was an inoffensive Frenchman, who kept a saloon on West Twenty-sixth street. A number of thieves entered the saloon on the morning of December 10, 1881. They were surprised by Handler, and one of them shot him. I found that on the 11th of December a young man who gave his name and address as Evans, No. 492 West Thirty-second street, had pawned a six-shooter in a Ninth avenue pawnshop. The revolver carried bullets of exactly the same caliber as the one with which the murder was done. Other evidence established the fact that the 'Evans' who pawned the pistol was Michael McGloin, an ex-convict and leader of a gang of thieves. They owned a horse and wagon and used them in the stealing of goods from the sidewalk in front of dry goods stores. One of our detectives disguised succeeded in getting into the good graces of the proprietors of the robbers' rendezvous and loitered night and day about the place. By my orders, one night while he was inside with the gang, another detective entered the place and posted up a notice offering five hundred dollars reward for the arrest and conviction of Handler's murderer. The disguised detective pretended to be dozing in a chair near McGloin, who asked Handler, one of the gang, after the other detective left the saloon: 'Did I weaken or turn white when the bill was hung up?' 'No,' replied Handler; 'Mike, you've got a hell of a nerve.' But his nerve deserted him when he was brought to headquarters and through the window saw his accomplices marched around the yard. And when the pawnbroker with whom he pawned the pistol, walked in the room and laid it down on the table without a word, McGloin gave way.

"Then there was Chamberlain, the New Haven murderer. He was alert, keen and audacious; and Taylor, who was also from New Haven. The latter looked like a theological student, but he was a murderer for all that.

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had the murderer behind the bars, and a confession from him brought about by our own methods. We have the hammer, razor and butcher's saw with which the deed was done in our chamber of horrors. Engles broke down in the most pitiful fashion when he confessed. So did McElhin, the murderer of Louis Handler. The latter was an inoffensive Frenchman, who kept a saloon on West Twenty-sixth street. A number of thieves entered the saloon on the morning of December 10, 1881. They were surprised by Handler, and one of them shot him. I found that on the 11th of December a young man who gave his name and address as Evans, No. 492 West Thirty-second street, had pawned a six-shooter in a Ninth avenue pawnshop. The revolver carried bullets of exactly the same caliber as the one with which the murder was done. Other evidence established the fact that the 'Evans' who pawned the pistol was Michael McGloin, an ex-convict and leader of a gang of thieves. They owned a horse and wagon and used them in the stealing of goods from the sidewalk in front of dry goods stores. One of our detectives disguised succeeded in getting into the good graces of the proprietors of the robbers' rendezvous and loitered night and day about the place. By my orders, one night while he was inside with the gang, another detective entered the place and posted up a notice offering five hundred dollars reward for the arrest and conviction of Handler's murderer. The disguised detective pretended to be dozing in a chair near McGloin, who asked Handler, one of the gang, after the other detective left the saloon: 'Did I weaken or turn white when the bill was hung up?' 'No,' replied Handler; 'Mike, you've got a hell of a nerve.' But his nerve deserted him when he was brought to headquarters and through the window saw his accomplices marched around the yard. And when the pawnbroker with whom he pawned the pistol, walked in the room and laid it down on the table without a word, McGloin gave way.

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